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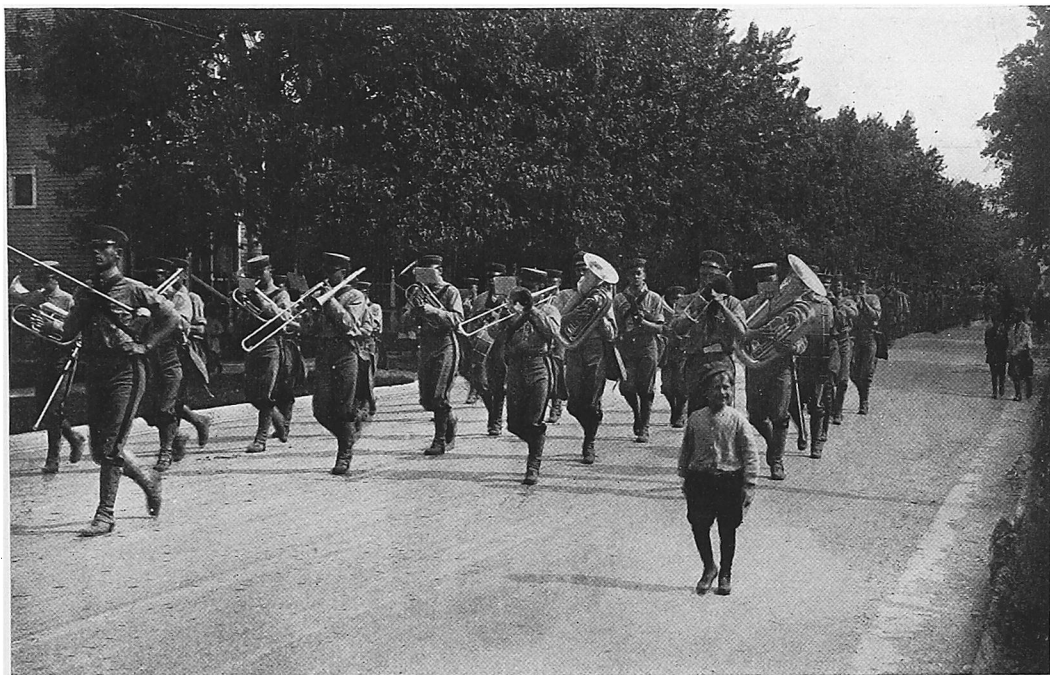
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"THE LAST JUDGMENT"—REUBENS



COLUMNS OF ST. JOHN'S CADETS ON THE MARCH

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

## The American Military Academy

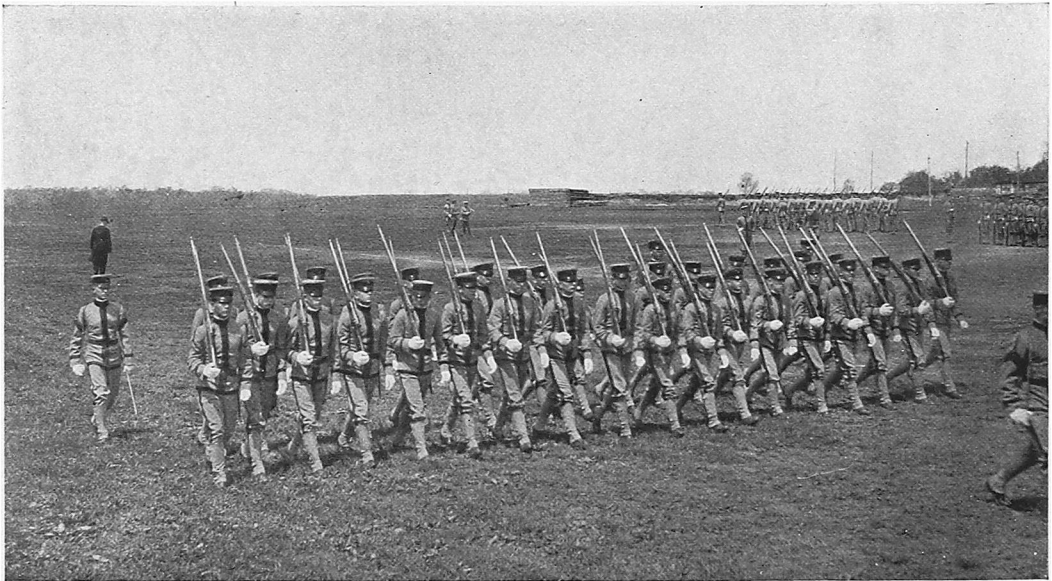
By CHARLES KING  
Brigadier-General U. S. V.

Author of "Famous and Decisive Battles," "Between the Lines," "The Iron Brigade," etc.

EVERY year, in the month of March, there is a meeting in Chicago of, sometimes, as many as thirty men, a few of the number being old and gray, others in the full tide of vigorous manhood; still another few, eager, vehement young fellows, who only within the twelve-month have donned the *toga virilis*. Unlike in form and feature though they may be, there is one physical trait they show and share alike. Even he who, with snow white hair and trembling hand, presided this year as senior member, stood with squared shoulders, erect, alert and in unmistakable poise—that of the professional soldier. Though garbed in the easy evening dress of civil life, the effect of long, rigorous military training is declared the

instant these men spring to their feet. There is not a bent form even among those who have borne the weight of years. They are a little band of graduates of America's greatest soldier school, the school now conceded by experts of the military art all over the globe to be the first and finest in the world—West Point.

Chicago counts but few of these graduates among its permanent residents, though there are generally eight or ten to be found on duty within her limits; but between these few, the neighboring post of Sheridan, and the stations and cities within a radius of three hundred miles, it is not difficult to find each year from thirty to forty joyously mustering for the annual



A CADET COMPANY AT ST. JOHN'S

--Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

"commemoration banquet." It is difficult to find any who willingly remain away.

West Point is *sui generis*. It imitates no foreign school. It differs from our every college and university. It is a college that permits no secret societies, yet develops the strongest spirit of comradeship among its members, and for cause. Except possibly the sister service school of the navy at Annapolis, it is doubtful if there can be found a college in all creation whereat men are gathered from such broadly variant social planes, reduced instantaneously to a common level, and started on their career with four years of incessant struggle for the prize, and the absolute assurance that neither birth, family, money nor "influence" can in the faintest degree affect the issue. From start to finish there is no other rule than "May the best man win." Into the common hopper drop the son of the millionaire, the miner, the tradesman, the hod-carrier, and through that four years' grind they must go clothed, fed, promoted or punished precisely alike. Brains and health, zeal and integrity are the only things that count.

The highest honors have often been won by the lowest born. The strongest friendship has often dwelt between the strangest characters. Room-mates through the four long years have been lads reared, the one in luxury, the other in want; lads bred, one to the purple, the other at the poor farm; lads whose sires may have been, of the one a magnate, of the other a mendicant. Once it was told we had a combination remarkable even at West Point—roommates whose fathers were cabinetmakers, one of them President. Despite all this a certain element among politicians and an equally uncertain element of the press must occasionally refer to the Academy as "the hotbed of aristocracy."

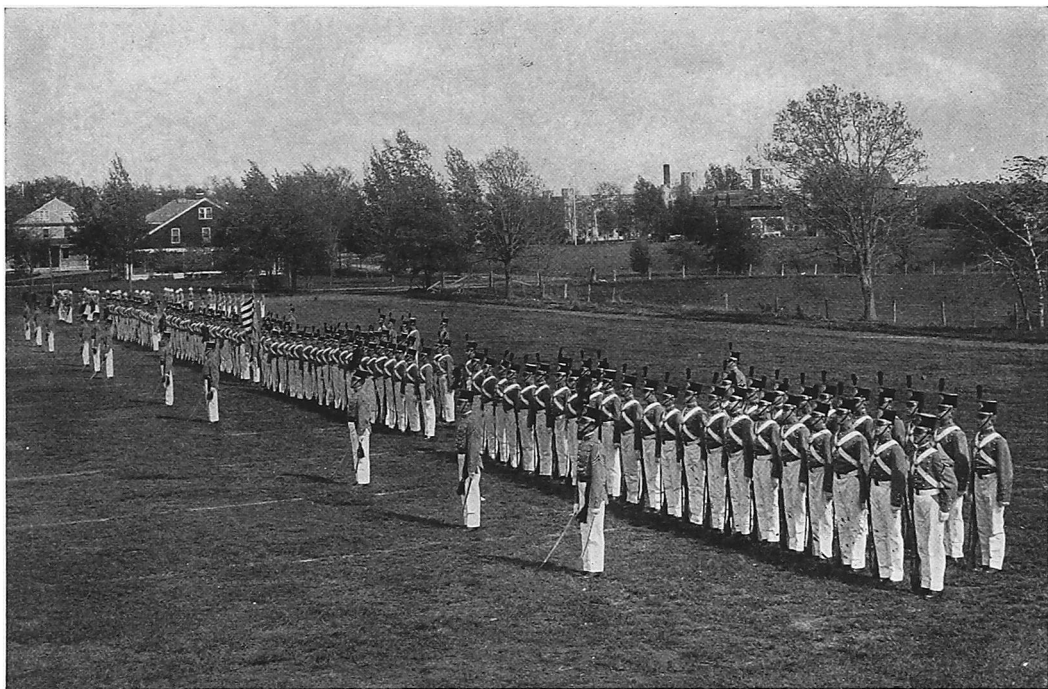
In spite of this, and not because of it, West Point has in its soldier teachings many an imitator. Even afar back in the ante-bellum days, as far indeed as those of the Mexican War, there had sprung into existence soldier schools in various sections of the country. Virginia's famous Military Institute, at Lexington, stood easily first in the South, though Kentucky fathered one that furnished many a capa-

ble officer for the great epoch of our history. Vermont maintained at Northfield its Norwich University, of which Alden Partridge, one of West Point's earliest graduates, was long the head, and here, as at Lexington, military discipline was the backbone of the course; everything else was built about it to the end that many of its alumni were commissioned, and won distinction in the army of the United States, and even the navy has cause to regard it, for it was at Norwich that Admiral Dewey received his earlier training.

South Carolina had its cadet school at Charleston, New York some minor institutions along the Hudson, and all these were in fairly flourishing condition before the outbreak of the great Civil War. What soldier discipline and training can do for a lot of lads of soldiery instincts has its most remarkable exemplification in the case of Virginia's Institute in the fall of 1864, when General Breckinridge drafted the boy battalion for field service as the

Union columns fought their way up the valley. Then at New Market, Imboden with his light guns struck the Union left, while the gray infantry charged the long blue line. Distancing their heavier, older, comrades of the veteran regiments, the Lexington boys, only two hundred strong, dashed full tilt at the bellowing guns, and, though nearly one-fourth their number were shot down in the daring attempt, actually drove the big batterymen from their posts and planted their colors on the captured cannon. Their exploit has no parallel in history.

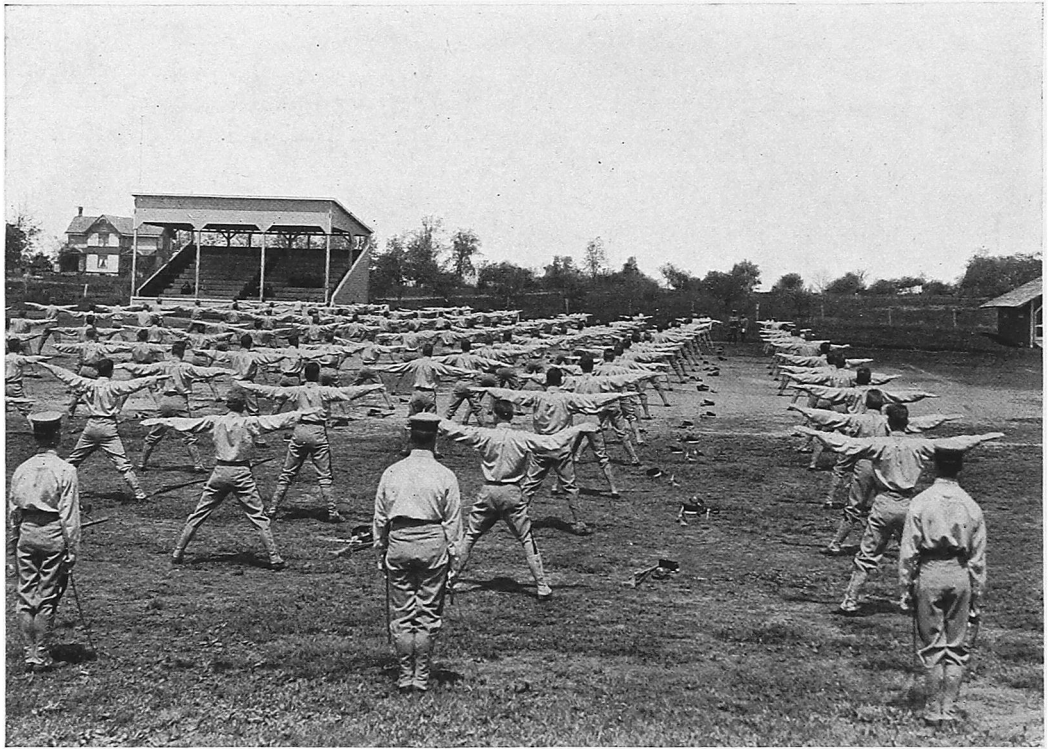
Following close upon the heels of that long and trying war came stagnation in soldier schooling. The nation seemed sick of fighting and fighters. The army was neglected. The navy sailed the seas in antiquated tubs with obsolete guns. It took a decade to begin to revive interest in one, and a double decade before Congress would listen to the warnings of the other. Along in the early eighties the old military



THE BATTALION, ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.





ST. JOHN'S CADETS DOING MILITARY CALISTHENICS

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

schools began to add to their rolls, and new military institutes were heard of all over the land. New York, Pennsylvania and Connecticut had earlier entered the list. Michigan and Minnesota, Texas and Tennessee took part and made their essay, closely followed by Illinois, Indiana, Missouri and Wisconsin, in each of which private military schools, starting from small beginnings as a rule, were soon on a paying basis and in more or less successful operation.

The Agricultural College Act, so-called, of 1862, was designed to foster military training in our great universities, in the hope that young men generally would be induced to take a two years' course and be prepared for the duties of junior officers in the event of another war. The colleges with avidity accepted the great land grant. The students took hold for a time of the new toy, but speedily dropped it when they

found that "instruction in military tactics and discipline" meant something more exacting than occasionally wearing a uniform and going to parade. It began to dawn upon them that proficiency in drill demanded hours of drudgery, that "discipline" would involve respectful bearing toward seniors in age or in university rank, the saying of "Sir" to instructors hitherto accorded nothing better than "What," the tendering of a soldierly salute or a tip of the hat to members of the faculty hitherto passed with only a stare; even to temporary divorce from cigarette and slouching. With all his possibilities for greatness the average American boy of today is not distinguished for courtesy or good manners. He looks on subordination as a symptom of subservience, and upon the salute as admission of inferiority. A show of respect toward "others in authority" means to unreasoning and unterrified young

America a truckling to rank and to station. He has not learned that courtesy and respect toward others, especially to elders, begets respect and consideration in return. In too many cases he has never been taught at home. With hardly an exception the colleges and universities that so eagerly nabbed at the bounty of government soon chafed under the concomitant obligation. They were glad to get the money, but they would be gladder to get rid of the drill. Even those whose annual income was increased by a fourth or fifth failed to spend for the support of the military department a single dollar of the tens of thousands thus obtained. There are some in which this condition, and worse, obtained until called to account by the government itself.

Military instruction, it may be asserted, is far from popular in the great colleges to which students flock for instruction in the humanities, the arts and sciences. It is not what they flock there for; and, even though the state provide free tuition for its sons, the latter, like free Americans, claim they

should get it without reciprocal service on their part. It is not a new trait. The modern Yankee lad is no worse than was his great grandfather. Thomas Jefferson, our mightiest exponent of the doctrine of free speech and the equality of man, when he sought to curb the exuberance of the student body of the university he had founded in the shadow of his own Monticello, was scandalized to find the youth of Virginia possessed of ideas of their own and overwhelming powers of expression. The recent demonstration against the President of the University of "a remarkably neighboring state" was a zephyr in comparison with the hurricane of hisses that greeted the great leader of democracy. There was such a thing then as too much freedom of speech and manner even in a Virginia college and a bygone century. Small wonder, therefore, that in these days, when there is far less of home training, there should be such dislike of discipline on the part of the undergraduate body of our universities.



THE ACADEMY CREW, ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.



CADETS ON MARCH, MILWAUKEE TO DELAFIELD, 31 MILES

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

But schools we have today, where discipline, even rigorous military discipline, is not only possible but popular; schools eagerly sought by a certain element among our lads for no other reason than that they have the soldier spirit—that they are glad to subject themselves to rule and to subordination because they find that only through discipline and system can anything like precision in drill, parade or ceremony be attained, and because they have an in-born love for soldier service that triumphs over the necessary exactions of soldier schooling. It is this that has led to the incorporation of so many military academies, all more or less closely modeled after West Point.

Within a day's railway ride of Chicago there are some of the very best to be found within the limits of the United States. St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis., being among the most prominent, and to this institution we have gone for our illustrations. Here it is the earnest purpose of the faculty healthfully to develop

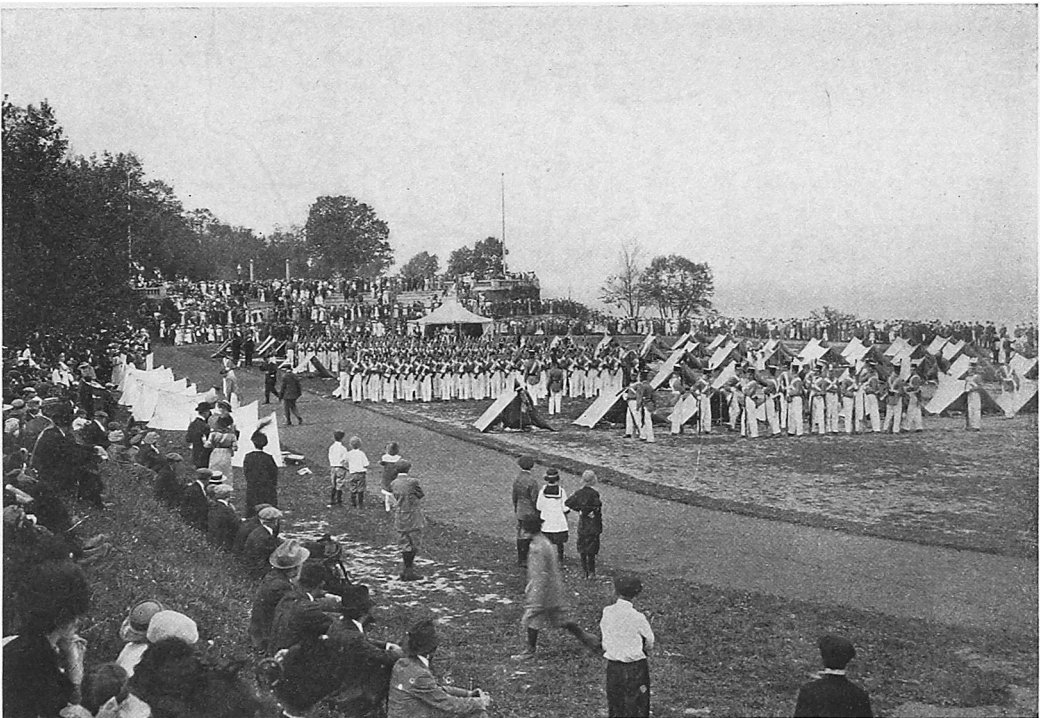
both in mind and body the students committed to their charge, so to combine study and sleep, drill and play, that moments of idleness, fruitful ever of temptation, may be few and far between. It has been found by long experience that the most successful and thorough method of teaching personal neatness, punctuality, system, studious habits and respect to authority, is that based upon the practice of the great National Academy at West Point. It has been found that, all due allowance being made for the frailty of human and boy nature, the lessons of truth, courage, integrity are most readily absorbed through the military system, with soldier honor for its spinal column. The regular hours make the lad methodical. The constantly recurring roll-calls make him prompt. The daily drills and "setting-up" exercises make him alert and erect. The daily inspection of rooms and dress make him neat and orderly. The daily marchings to every duty—chapel, mess, recitation and parade—make him precise in step and bearing.



(Nine out of ten, the modern boy "slouches" unless otherwise taught; it is the fashion.) The daily outdoor sport insisted on for all hands makes him supple, vigorous and brimful of health and "ginger." Baseball, football, basket ball, tennis, supplemented by rowing or skating, send him to table with keen zest for his soldier commons and to bed with sure accompaniment of sound, refreshing sleep. It is the training of all others best qualified to develop all that is best in boy or man, and when with it all, as in many of these excellent schools, there is close and ceaseless supervision of studies and of morals, there results a degree of general excellence at graduation that alone accounts for the fact that applications for place are now far more numerous than acceptances in more than one instance within our ken.

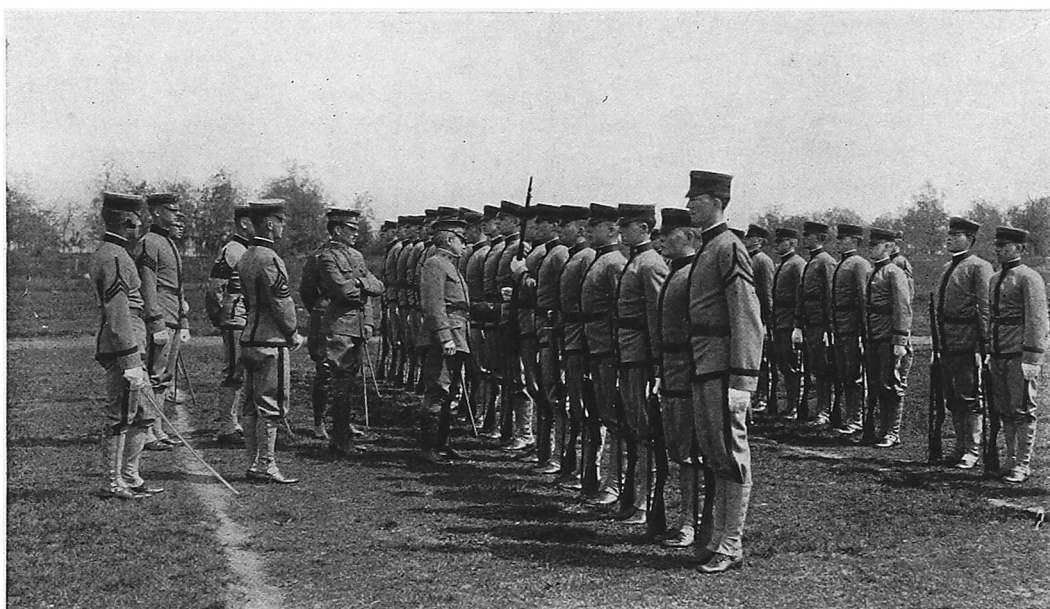
Parents sometimes object to the cost of the uniform required, but as a rule it wears longer, looks far better, and affords less

opportunity for individual extravagance or display than does civilian dress. It is a singular fact that in four or five of these near-by academies not only the methods but the dress of West Point is as closely copied as western conditions permit. The gray "coatee" with the bell buttons worn by soldier sires in 1812 is still the full dress of the Point and is also the full dress at Delafield, Culver, and Shattuck, while for ordinary duty is worn the snug fitting sack or blouse, black braided and made as at West Point, of the stoutest wool woven at the famous mills at Charlottesville, Jefferson's own Virginia home. It wears like leather, and no parent has yet been known who objected to the marked improvement in the bearing of the average boy before that coat was ten weeks old. The uniform costs, but so does it pay, and more than pay. It might indeed be well if uniformity were insisted on even in such things as



CAMP OF ST. JOHN'S CADETS AT LAKE PARK, MILWAUKEE, June 1st, 1913.

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.



ANNUAL INSPECTION BY CAPT. RAYMOND, GENERAL STAFF, U. S. A., May 28th, 1913.

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

shoes, about the only item of attire in which individual fancy may express itself.

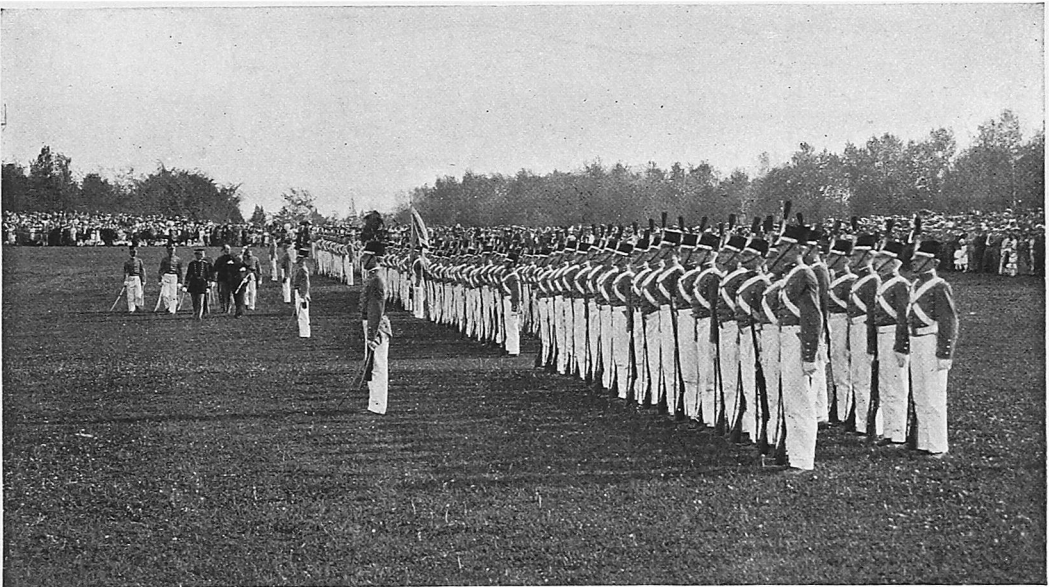
Nor is military drill their only soldier teaching, and with military drill I count the stately ceremonies of the springtime; review, parade, inspection, with the stirring martial music of the school band, for bands most of them, and good ones. The general government which provides so liberally of its stock of arms, accoutrements and ammunition for the encouragement of these junior military academies sends its inspectors, details its officers, prescribes its course of instruction and promises its abundant reward. Each year, so sayeth our President and Commander-in-Chief, of the vacancies in the army that remain after the graduating class of West Point has been assigned, six shall be reserved for those students of our military academies who shall have proved most worthy—War Department inspectors to be, of course, the examiners and judges.

Now, there were, in 1903, no less than seventy-seven institutions at which officers of the regular army were serving under the orders of the general government as

instructors in military science and tactics. The latest regulations of the war department divide these colleges and academies into three classes; First, those at which officers may be detailed, but where only a limited amount of time and attention is given to drill, and where uniform is not demanded; second, those at which a certain amount of time and attention must be given as *quid pro quo* for the generous gift of the government to such colleges as should agree to maintain a system of "instruction in military tactics and discipline" (the Agricultural College Act of 1862), and finally, third, those in which the entire system is essentially military, the students are always under military discipline and in uniform, and a high degree of instruction in the military art is the result. It is of the latter only that this brief article in closing has to speak. They barely number a baker's dozen. There is but one in the New England states; there are but three in the old "Middle" states; the South has six and the others, as has been said, are within a day's railway ride of Chicago, some of them models.

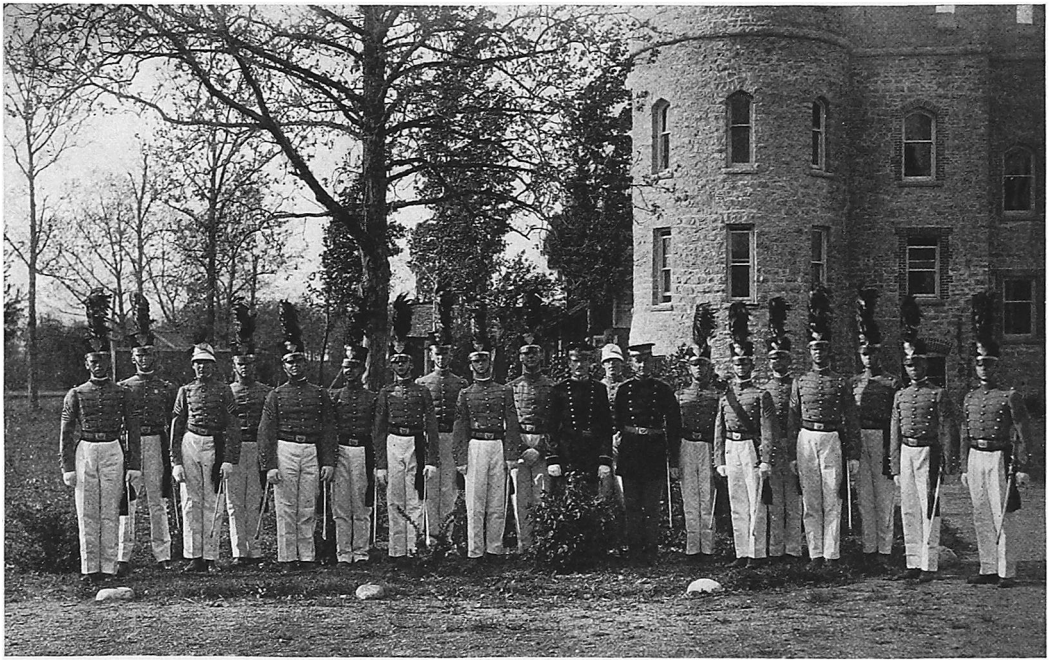
Life is a strenuous thing with the lad so fortunate as to be numbered on the rolls of one or two of those it has been my lot to know well. Up with the sun, with the flag, with the bang of the morning gun summoned by the stirring notes of the reveille to ranks and roll call, the youngster has but time for a quick cold douche and a brisk dry rub before he must be in his neat gray "fatigue," for all the world like that of the Point—brushed and groomed for sharp inspection. Then, all aglow he is marched with eight or ten score comrades straight to the mess hall and heads are reverently bowed as grace is said; then with what appetites the battalion "falls to." There is half an hour in which their soldier homes are put in order for the day, half an hour for a breathing spell before the bugle summons all hands to class work or to study. The sections march away to the recitation rooms. The officer of the day, plumed and sashed, makes his rounds. From eight until nearly one a corps of instructors are at their respective stations, though they, too, have a mid-morn breathing spell while

the military commandant, with his assistants, puts the battalion through its paces—all squad or company work in autumn and winter; all close or extended order in the spring, with incidental whirls at the field guns or the wonderful Gatlings. Dinner comes at one, followed by a half an hour of rest. Then more recitations, more drill—"setting-up," bayonet, or the picturesque rifle gymnastics to the music of the band. But, soon after three another signal sounds, and lo the metamorphosis! The gray battalion scoots to barracks, and then, all in motley, by squads and groups, it reappears and scatters. Bare-armed, bare-legged, brawny fellows in modern boating rig go one way and in ten minutes a brace of beautiful eight-oared shells, coached by a hero of the Hudson's great 'Varsity race, are shooting across the bay and out over the mirror waters of "Glimmerglass." In autumn half a dozen football teams, uncouth in rig but superb in dash and action, will be at practice on the wide spreading campus. In the spring, baseball demands its equal tribute, while those not deemed physically fit to meet the strain of



GENERAL CHARLES KING AND STAFF REVIEWING ST. JOHN'S CADETS AT LAKE PARK,  
MILWAUKEE, June 1st, 1913

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.



CADET OFFICERS, ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

America's two greatest games, fall back on tennis or handball. One thing is certain, every mother's son at school must spend those ninety minutes out of doors and in brisk exercise, even throughout the winter. The rule is as imperative as that he must again be in uniform and present at a brief and beautiful choral service (they are their own choristers, too), at chapel. Then comes supper; then "full dress" and the closing and most impressive ceremony of the day: battalion parade on the campus, with their own band playing its spirited marches, and a host of kindly neighbors looking on. Then, as the bugles cease their good-night to the setting sun, and the last note echoes away across the glinting waters, with sudden bellow the old, battle-worn six pounder adds his share to the general salute, and then out springs the tall young adjutant, up gleams the silvery baton of the drum major: as one man the battalion starts from the statuesque rest to rigid attention. Man and woman, every spectator arises and faces the tall white flag-

staff towering beyond the grove. No need to hint, "Hats off, gentlemen"—they have learned it since the Spanish War—as grandly the school band bursts into the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," and slowly, gracefully, the beautiful emblem comes floating earthward, disappearing at last behind the fringing screen beyond the gray walls and gothic roof of the chapel, to be gathered reverently into the arms of its guard and borne to rest in the midst of its young defenders, until summoned to receive its repeated honors with the sunburst of another day.

Two hours of silence and study, each lad at his own desk, wind up the thread of sixteen hours' steady application—hours in which every moment has been planned to carry its share of duty, for, whether it be drill or parade, recitation or study, row, run bases, "circle the ends," swim, or dance over the tennis court, there must be, outside of the brief half hours the students call their own, incessant, healthful and guarded occupation for every lad within the

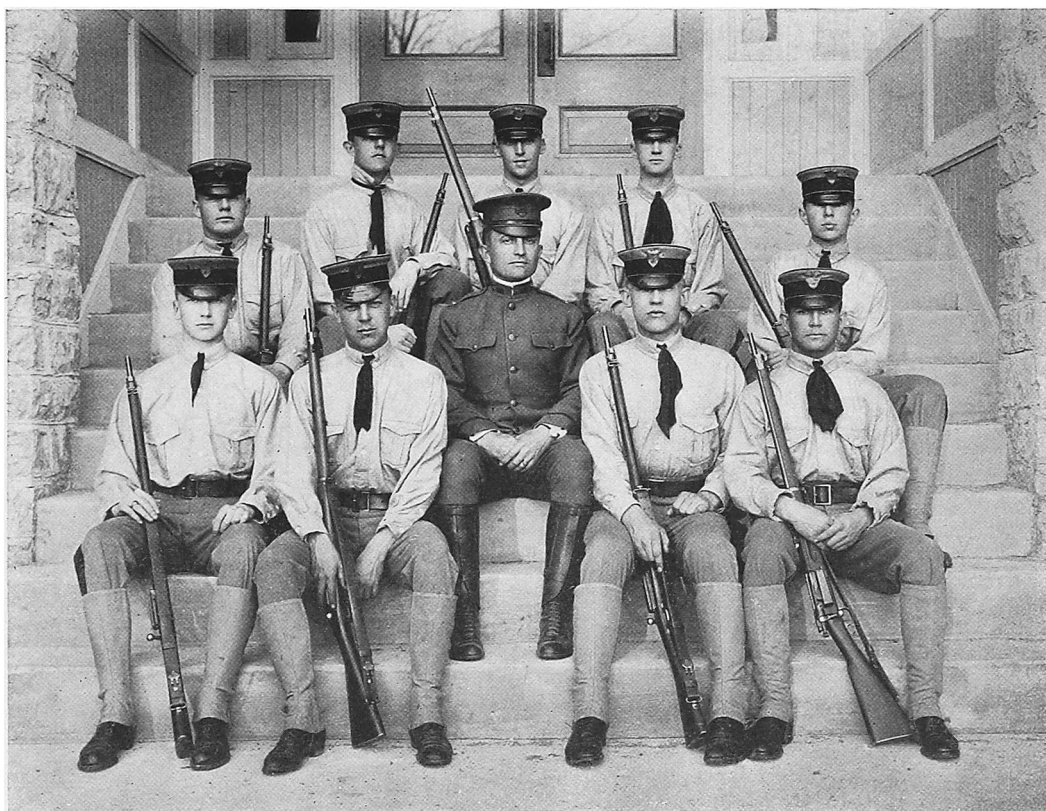
limits of the school. This, perhaps, is why each year, at the lovely commencement season, not as single spies but in battalions, the "old boys" from all over the land come trooping back to revisit the scenes they had learned to love, to cheer the rival crews and nines, to applaud the clock-like precision of the gray and white battalion, to tell marvelous tales to eager under-graduates of the deeds done in their days, and to muse again over the motto that was their constant inspiration in their own soldier boy hours: "Work hard; play hard; pray hard."

\* \* \*

Nearly ten years have passed since the foregoing words were written. Since then Culver, Shattuck, and St. Johns at Delafield, Wis., have been placed upon the "Distinguished List" of the General Govern-

ment, and this St. Johns of the West has grown beyond the expectation of its most enthusiastic friends, yet never beyond the hope and faith of that rare leader, Dr. Sidney Smythe, who from its infancy in '85 has been the guiding spirit, the beloved "Head Master" of the now famous school.

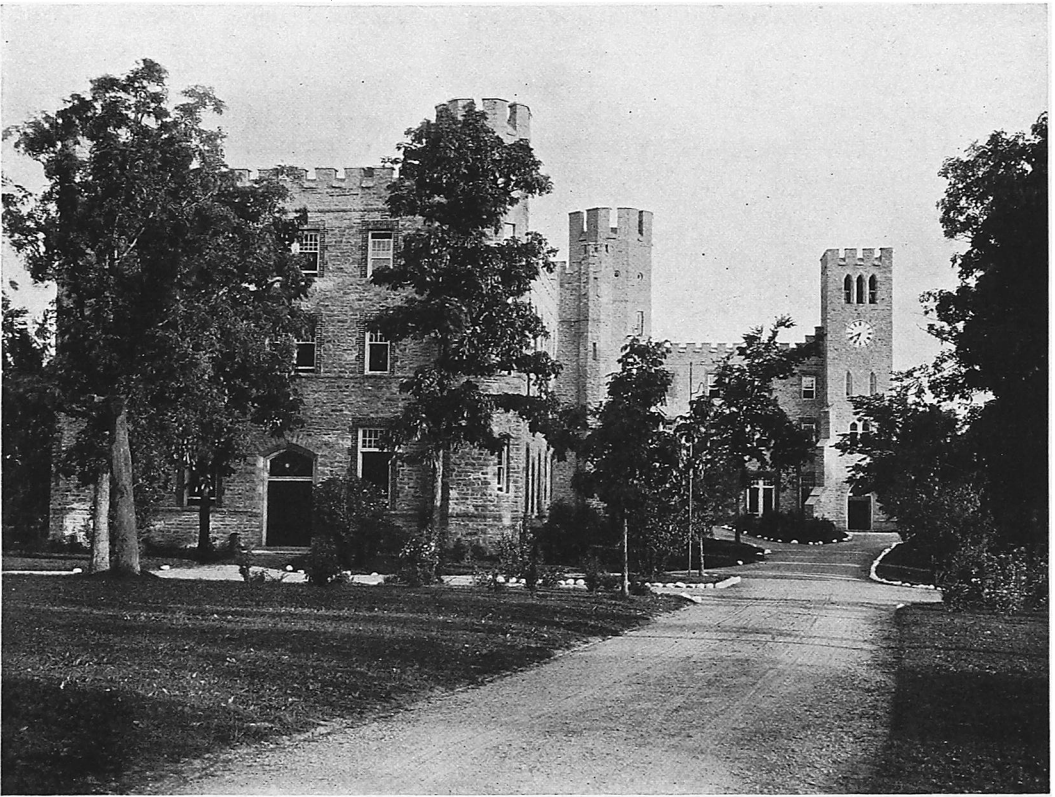
Doctor Arnold, whom we saw revealed in Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby, and Doctor DeKoven, who long years ago was proclaimed Arnold's second self at Racine, seem to have been the two men whose manfulness, whose methods, and whose broad Christian charity and human sympathy live again in Sidney Smythe. In a lifetime of study of great teachers, I have found not one who in a more marked degree could develop all that is best in the nature of a boy, or more successfully put to shame all that is base. He reads his boys unerringly;



CADET RIFLE TEAM, ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

(Members National Rifle Association of America) Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.





DE KOVEN AND WELLS HALLS, ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

he wins their faith, affection and respect, and then he seems at will to mould them.

It is this fact, or trait, that is the underlying strength, the secret, in truth, of St. John's growth from next to nothing to one of the broadest, finest schools of the day. It began in a barn, less than thirty years ago, with less than a dozen village boys as day scholars, and not a dollar of endowment. It had the blessing of the bishop, and the fellowship of nearby Nashotah—the beautifully located theological seminary of the West. It had the friendship of one or two devoted churchmen and women of the diocese and beyond that it had only Sidney Smythe—young, vigorous, enthusiastic to begin with—but an indomitable *stayer* when once he has put his shoulder to the wheel. And there you have almost all the story. The village boys brought in the lads

from the countryside, and from the start they had to learn to “brace” as well as to “booklearn.” The young master got them some old guns, and within two years their drill was something to brag about—so was their school “nine,” and so, presently, was the school growth. In five years it had a firm foundation and forty students. In ten years it had barracks, chapel, “gym” and academy—and four times forty students. In twenty years, in spite of fires and floods, it had grown to be the standard military school of the state, with nearly two hundred names on the roll. And today, with the most artistic group of buildings in the West, a healthful site, a thoroughly competent corps of teachers, it has what is best of all, a loyal, devoted and enthusiastic corps of graduates and cadets.

Already sons of the oldest of the old boys

are beginning to appear upon the rolls of applicants—younger brothers have long been coming—and this year at "Last Parade," after the review in honor of the Governor and his staff, when the band and the battalion, two hundred and twenty strong, swung past the station of the commanding officer, cheered to the echo as their swords were lowered in salute, no less than forty of the graduates, the "old boys," were "lined up" as part of the staff, while others still, with "wives and children all around 'em," as we say in college days, were thronging about the field.

There is no lack of inspiration about St. Johns. Only short rifle shot away to the southeast lie the ruins of the Cushing homestead, three of whose "boys of the old days" wore the Union blue in the army and navy, and two of them won almost immortal fame—"Albemarle" (William B.), of the navy, and Alonzo, of the Fourth Artillery—he who fought his guns so gal-

lantly in face of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, shot to death, yet fighting on until the last bullet stretched him lifeless at his post.

On the walls of the great "Common Room" is the huge yellow "Dragon flag" snatched from the burning at Peking, by one of the oldest of the old boys—a captain in the 9th Infantry of the regular Service. There are many more, majors, captains or lieutenants in the army, who rendered, some of them, at least, valiant service in China or the Philippines. There are others, young officers in the navy, all of whom received their early training in the little gray battalion at St. Johns, and whether they owed this advancement to the later teachings of West Point and Annapolis, or fought their way up from the ranks, or even, as did a certain few, step at once from St. Johns to a life commission in the army, there is not one of their number who does not prize the diploma that bears the signature of their beloved "H. M." and the seal of their own,



LOOKING INTO THE QUADRANGLE, ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

—Courtesy St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis.

their first academy; there is not one of their number who will not tell you that the lessons of truth and duty, of reverence to God and devotion to our common country, were there indelibly impressed upon him, and that much as he may owe to later influences, and to higher opportunity, he owes most to St. Johns.

These are days in which the words of Washington, the wisdom of Lincoln, and the warnings of history are being ignored by that large and growing element that, in its laudable desire for universal peace, is preaching a crusade against all forms of martial preparation. They will not see that the very measures they would advocate are those most surely calculated to render us defenceless and thereby subject to aggres-

sion and attack. Wisely the State of Wisconsin, in spite of these influences, steadily upholds the training, the development and discipline of its little brigade of organized militia. Wisely, too, it is broadening the sphere of military instruction at its great university. Wisely it has recognized the growth and importance of the Military Academy of St. Johns at Delafield, by conferring the commission of Colonel upon its honored head, and that of Major upon his right hand man, the commandant of cadets, and upon his trusted ally, the surgeon, two of the most gifted men in their respective lines to be found on the staff of any institution in the land.

It must be remembered that Wisconsin's motto is "Forward."